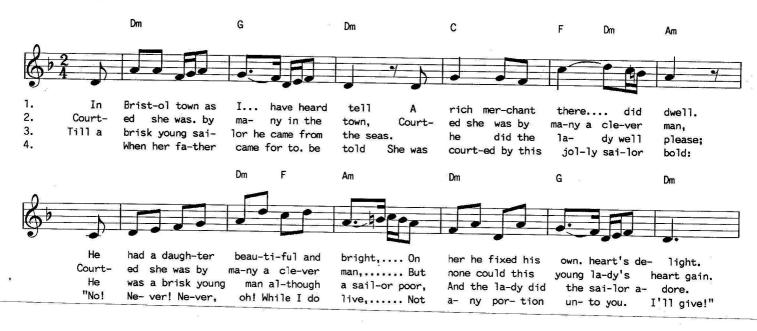
Fast



"As for your portion I do not care, I'll wed the man whom I love so dear, I'll wed the man that I do love so, If along with him a-begging I go!"

6
Her father kept a valiant servant man,
Who wrote a letter out of hand;
This letter was the sailor to invite
To meet her in the valley by night.

Her father kept a valiant Irishman, And fifty pounds he gave him out of hand, And a brace of pocket pistols likewise, He mounted, and away he did ride.

He mounted and away he did ride, Till at length the jolly sailor he espied, At length the jolly sailor he spied there, A-waiting for his joy and his dear. He said "I am come to kill you indeed,
Away! Back to some tavern with speed;
Cheer up your heart with bowls of good
wine,
And soon I'll make you know my darious

And soon I'll make you know my design:

I will go back to my master with speed,
Saying "Master I have killed that man,
indeed!
I have buried him all in his grave so low,
Where streams and fountains over him do
flow."

In course of time the rich merchant died, Which filled the lady's heart full of pride;

Now she's married to that man, you know, so brave,

Who her father thought was dead, and in his grave."

